THE NIGHT RUN OF *The* OVERLAND

BY ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE.

IT SNOWED. The switchlamps at Velley Junction twinkled faintly through the swirling flakes. A broad band of light from the night operator's room shot out into the gloom, and it, too, was thickly powdered. Aside from this, the scattered houses of the little hamlet slept in darkness—all save one.

Through the drawn curtains of a cottage which squatted in the right angle formed by the intersecting tracks, a hundred yards or more from the station, a light shone dully. Inside a young woman with a book in her lap sat beside a sickbed. On the bed lay a young man of perhaps 30.

They were not of the type which prevailed in Valley Junction. The rugged strength of the man, which shone through even the pallor of sickness, was touched and softened by an unmistakable gentleness of birth, and the dark eyes which rested motionless upon the further wall were thoughtful and liquid with intelligence. The young woman was yet more striking. Her loose gown, girdled at the waist with a tasseled cord, only half concealed the sturdy, sweeping lines of the form beneath. Her placid, womanly face was crowned with a glorious mass of burnished auburn hair. Her blue eyes, now fixed solicitously on her husband's face, were dark with what seemed an habitual earnestness of purpose, and her sweet mouth drooped seriously. After a moment, though, she shook off her pensive mood. "What are you thinking of, dear?" she asked, with a brightening face.

"Of you," answered her husband, gravely, tightening his grip on the hand she had slipped into his. "Comparing your life in this wretched place, Sylvia, with what it was before I married you; and thinking of that wonderful thing called 'love,' which can make you content with the change.

The young woman for a little held herself in a kind of breathless tension, her hand upon his further temple, her full, passionate lips pressed tight against his cheek.

"Not content, my heart's husband, but happy," she whispered, ecstatically. After a moment she lifted herself and quietly smoothed her ruffled hair. "I mustn't do that again," she said, demurely. "The doctor said you were not to be excited. Only this, Ben—papa will forgive us some day. He's good. Just give him time. Some day you'll put away your dear, foolish pride, and let me write to him and tell him where we are—no matter if he did forbid it. And he'll write back, take my word for it, and say, 'Come home, children, and be forgiven.' But whether he does or not, I tell you, sweetheart, I would sooner flutter about this little dovecote of ours and ride on the engine with you than be mistress of the finest palace papa's money can build."

The spell was broken by the distant scream of a locomotive, half-drowned in the howling wind. Sylvia glanced at the clock.

"There's the 'Overland,'" she murmured. "She's three minutes late. Some day, dear," she added, fondly, "you will hold the throttle of that engine."

They listened in silence to the dull roar of the oncoming train. But instead of the usual thunderous burst as the train swept by, and the trembling of earth, they heard the grinding of brakeshoes, the whistle of the air and then, in the lull which followed, the thumping of the pump, like some great, excited heart. The sick man threw his wife a startled glance, and she sprang to the front window and threw back the curtain. She was just turning away again, when there came a quick, imperative rap at the door. Sylvia flung the door wide open, revealing three men, the foremost of whom she recognized as the night operator at the Junction.

"Mrs. Fox," he began with nervous haste, "this is the general superintendent, Mr—"

"My name is Howard, madam," said the official for himself, unceremoniously pushing forward. "We are in trouble. Our engineer had a stroke of apoplexy fifteen miles back, and I want your husband to take this train. I know he's sick, but——"

"But he's too sick, sir, to hold his head up!,' exclaimed Sylvia aghast.

"Whats' the trouble?" called Fox, sharply, from his bed.

An instant's hush fell over the little group at the door, and then they all, as if moved by one impulse, filed quickly back to the sick room.

"Mr. Fox, I hate to ask a sick man to get out of bed and pull a train," began the general superintendent, hurriedly, "but we're tied up here hard and fast, and every minute that train stands there the company loses a thousand dollars. If you can pull her through to Stockton, and will, it will be the best two hours' work that you ever did. I will give you $500."

Fox had at first risen to his elbow, but he now sank back, dizzy and trembling from weakness. "I can't do it, Mr. Howard! I'm too sick!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "If it weren't a physical impossibility—if I weren't too dizzy to hold my head up—"

He broke off abruptly and pressed his hand in a dazed way to his brow. Then he fixed his excited eyes upon his wife. The other men followed his gaze, plainly regarding him as out of his head. But Sylvia turned pale and leaned against the wall for support. She had caught her husband's meaning.

"She'll take the train, sir!" exclaimed Fox, eagerly; "and she'll take it through safe. She knows an engine as well as I and every inch of the road. Sylvia, you must go. It is your duty.

The superintendent gasped and stared at the young woman. She stood with her dilated eyes fastened upon her husband, her chest rising and falling, and blood red tongues of returning color shooting through her cheeks. Yet even in that crucial moment something in Sylvia's eye—something hard and stubborn—fixed the skeptical superintendent's attention. Sylvia, with twitching nostrils and swelling throat, turned upon him almost desperately.

"I will go," she said in a low voice, "but someone must stay here with him."

"This young man will attend to all that, never fret," cried Howard, gaily, turning to the night operator.

Sylvia returned from an inner room after an absence of scarcely sixty seconds. She bore herself with the firm, subdued mien of one who knows the gravity of her task, yet has faith in herself for its performance. One of her husband's caps was drawn tightly over her thick hair and she had slipped into a short walking skirt. Without hesitation she stepped to the bedside and kissed her husband good-by.

"Be brave, girl!" he said, encouragingly, though his own voice shook. "You have got to make seventy-five miles an hour, or better; but you've got the machine to do it with. Give her her head on all the grades except Four Mile creek—don't be afraid, and give her a little sand on Beechtree hill. Good-by. —and God keep you!"

As Sylvia stood beneath the great black hulk of iron and steel which drew the "Overland" and glanced down the long line of mail, express and sleeping cars, her heart almost failed her again. The mighty boiler towered high above her in the darkness and the steam rushed angrily from the dome, as though the great animal was fretting under the unaccountable delay.

"You are a brave little woman," she heard the superintendent saying at the cab step. "Don't lose your nerve—but make time whatever else you do. Every minute you make up is money in the company's pocket, and they won't forget it. Beside," he added, familiarly, "we've got a big gun aboard, and I want to show him that a little thing like this don't flustrate us any. If you draw into Stockton on time, I'll add $500 to that check!" And he lifted her up to the cab.

The fireman, a young Irishman, stared at Sylvia as she stepped into the cab, but she made no explanations, and, after a glance at the steam and water gauges, climbed up to the engineer's high seat. The hand she laid upon the throttle lever trembled slightly—as well it might; the huge iron horse quivered and stiffened, as if bracing itself for its task; noiselessly and imperceptibly it moved ahead, expelled one mighty breath, then another and another, quicker and quicker, shorter and shorter, until its respirations were lost in one continuous flow of steam. The Overland was once more under way.

The locomotive responded to Sylvia's touch with an alacrity which thrilled her through and through. She glanced at the time table. They were twelve minutes behind time. The twenty miles betwen the Junction and Grafton lay in a straight, level line. Sylvia determined to use it to good purpose, and to harden herself at once to the dizzy speed required by the inexorable schedule. She threw the throttle wide open, and pushed the reverse lever into the last notch. Th great machine seemed suddenly animated with a demoniac energy and soon they were shooting through the black, storm-beaten night like an avenging bolt from the hand of a colossal god. The headlight—so dazzling from in front, so insufficient from behind—danced feebly ahead on the driving cloud of snow. But that was all. The track was illuminated for scarcely fifty feet, and the night yawned beyond like some engulfing abyss.

Sylvia worked with the fireman with a fine intelligence which only the initiated could understand; for an engine is a steed whose speed depends upon its driver. She opened or closed the injector to economize heat and water, and eased the steam when it could be spared. Thus together they coaxed, cajoled, threatened and goaded the wheeled monster until, like a veritable thing of life, it seemed to strain every nerve to do their bidding, and whirled them faster and faster. Yet, as they flashed through Grafton, they were still ten minutes behind time. Sylva shut her lips tightly. If it was necessary to defy death on the curves and grades ahead, defy death she would.

The sticky snow on her glass now cut off Sylvia's vision ahead. Another train ahead, an open switch, a fallen rock or tree—one awful crash, and the engine would become a gridiron for her tender flesh, while the palatial cars behind, now so full of warmth and light and comfort, would suddenly be turned into mere shapeless heaps of death. Yet Sylvia cautiously opened her door a little and held it firmly against the hurricane while she brushed off the snow. At the same time she noticed that the headlight was burning dim.

"The headlight is covered with snow!" she called to the fireman.

The young fellow instantly drew his cap tighter, braced himself, and swung open his door. At the first cruel blast, the speed of which was that of the gale added to that of the train, he closed his eyes and held his breath; then, taking his life in his hands, he slipped out on the wet, treacherous running board of the pitching locomotive, made his way forward and cleared the glass. Sylvia waited with bated breath until his head appeared in the door again.

"Fire up, please," she exclaimed nervously, for the steam had fallen off a pound.

As the twinkling street lamps of Nancyville came into view, Sylvia blew a long blast. But the wind, like some ferocious beast of prey, pounced upon the sound and throttled it in the teeth of the whistle. One-third of the one hundred and forty-nine miles was now gone and still the Overland was ten minutes behind, and it seemed as if no human power could make up the time. They were winding through the Taliahula hills, where the road was crooked as a serpent's tail. The engine jerked viciously from side to side and twice Sylvia was nearly thrown from her seat. The wheels savagely ground the rails at every curve and made them shriek with agony. One side of the engine first mounted upward, like a ship on a wave, then suddenly sank, as if engulfed.

Yet she dared not slacken speed. The cry of "Time! Time! Time!" was dinned into her ears with every stroke of the piston. Her train was but one cog on one wheel in the vast and complicated machine of transportation. One slip of that cog would rudely jar the whole delicate mechanism from coast to coast.

The train dashed into Carbondale and Sylvia made out ahead the glowing headlight of the eastbound train, side-tracked and waiting for the belated "Overland." Suppose the switch were open! She knew that it must be closed, but the sickening possibility presented itself over and over again, with its train of horrors, in the brief space of a few seconds. She held her breath and half closed her eyes as they thundered down upon the other train; and when the engine lurched a little as it struck the switch her heart leaped into her month. The suspense was mercifully short, though, for in an instant they were past the danger and once more scouring the open country.

In spite of the half pipe of sand which she let run as they climbed Beechtree hill—the last of the Tallahulas—it seemed to Sylvia as if the locomotive had lost all its vim. Yet the speed was slow only by contrast, and in reality was terrific. At last, though, the high level of the Barren plains was gained, and for forty miles—which were reeled off in less than thirty minutes—they swept along like an albatross on the crest of a gale, smoothlessly and almost noiselessly in the deadening snow.

Sylvia suspected that the engine was doing no better right here than it did every night in the year. Yet, when she glanced from the time table to the clock, as they clicked over the switch points of Melrose she was chagrined to discover that they were still eight minutes behind. They were now approaching the long twelve-mile descent of Four Mile creek, with a beautiful level stretch at the bottom through the Spirit River valley. Sylvia came to a grim determination. Half a dozen times previously she had wondered, if she were falling short of or exceeding the safety limit, and half a dozen times she had been on the point of appealing to the fireman. But her pride, even in that momentous crisis, had restrained her. But just before they struck the grade the responsibility of her determination—contrary, too, to her husband's advice—seemed too much to bear alone.

"I am going to let her have her head!" she cried out in her distress.

The fireman did not answer, perhaps he did not hear, and setting her teeth, Sylva assumed the grim burden alone. The ponderous locomotive fell over the brow of the hill, with her throttle agape and the fire seething in her vitals with volcanic fury.

It seemed to Sylvia as though they dropped down the grade as an aerolite drops from heaven—silent, irresistible, awful, touched only by the circumambient air.

All Sylvia's familiar methods of gauging speed were now at fault, but she believed for the moment they were running two miles for every minute. Under the strange lassitude born of her deadly peril, she relaxed her tense muscles and drowsily closed her eyes.

She was suddenly shaken out of her lethargy as the train struck a slight curve half way down the grade. The locomotive shied like a frightened steed and shook in every iron muscle. The flanges shrieked against the rails, the cab swayed and cracked. For a moment the startled girl was sure they were on the ties. But it was only the terrible momentum lifting them momentarily from the track, and in a few seconds the fire-eating behemoth righted itself. Yet its beautiful equilibrium was gone, and the engine rolled and pitched, and rose and fell, like a water-logged vessel in a storm. The bell, catching the motion, began to toll.

The young fireman sprang to the floor of the cab with a face torn by superstitious fear.

"What if she leaves the rails!" he cried.

But instantly recovering himself, he sprang back to his seat, with the blood of shame in his cheeks.

"Am I running too fast?" shouted Sylvia.

"Not when we're behind time!" he doggedly shouted back.

As the track became smoother the engine grew steady, but it had licked up the flying space for many a mile before the momentum of that perilous descent was lost. As the roar of their passage over the long bridge spanning the Mattunk, twenty miles from Stockton, died away, the fireman called out, cheerily:

"On time, madam!"

Meanwhile, in the general superintendent's private car, at the extreme rear of the train, a party of men still sat up, smoking their Havanas and sipping their wine. One member of this party was the "big gun," the president of the Mississippi Valley, Omaha & Western railway. He was a large man, with luxuriant, snow-white hair, and though his face was benevolent, even paternal, every line of it betrayed the inflexible will which had lifted its owner from the roof of a freight car to the presidential chair of the great road.

Mr. Howard, the general superintendent, was regaling the party with an account of his experience in securing a substitute engineer at Valley Junction. For reasons afterwards divulged, he suppressed, though, the most startling feature of his story; namely, the sex of the engine runner he had secured. But he compensated his hearers for this omission with a most dramatic account of the heroism of the sick man, whom he unblushingly represented as having risen from his bed and taken charge of the engine.

Mr. Staniford, the distinguished guest, listened quietly until Howard was done. "Charlie, you are a heartless wretch," he observed smiling.

The party dropped off to bed, one by one. The general superintendent himself finally rose and looked at his watch. Three cars ahead he met the conductor, who also seemed a little nervous, and they talked together for some moments. The train, at the time, was snapping around the choppy curves in the Tallhula hills, and the two men had difficulty in keeping their feet.

"Fast, but not too fast, Dackins?" observed the superintendent, half inquiringly.

"What I call a high safety," answered the conductor.

"Be fearful in the cab, eh?"

"Nothing equal to it, sir," rejoined Dackins, drily.

Howard started back toward the private car about the time the train struck Beechtree hill. When he got back to the car he found Mr. Staniford still up, smoking and leaning back in his luxurious seat, with half-closed eyes. Staniford motioned Howard to sit down beside him.

"Confound you, Charlie, you've got that sick engineer on my heart, with your inflammatory descriptions. Confess, now, that you exaggerated matters a little."

The superintendent chuckled. "Well, I did in one respect, but in another I fell short." He paused for effect, and then continued exultingly: "Staniford, I've got the best railroad story to give the papers that has been brought out in years."

"Let's have it," said Staniford, smiling.

"Well, between you and me, that man Fox was a mighty sick man—too sick to hold his head up, in fact." Howard paused inquiringly as Staniford turned sharply and gave him a glance.

"Fox, did you say?" asked Staniford. "What's his first name?"

"I don't know. He's a tall, smooth faced man, with dark hair and eyes. Rather intelligent looking. He's a comparatively new man with us."

The old man's fingers trembled slightly as he flicked the ashes from his cigar. "I don't know that I know him," he answered.

"Well," continued the superintendent, with a mildly curious glance at his companion, "he was altogether too sick to pull a plug. But it seems that his wife has been in the habit of riding with him and knows the road and an engine as well as he does. To come to the point—and this is my story—the Overland at this moment is in the hands of a girl, sir—Fox's wife!"

It seemed a long time before the other man spoke again. Howard stared in blank amazement at the white face of the president, unable to understand. Then Staniford took the other's hand and held it in an iron grip.

"Charlie, it's my own little baby girl," he said huskily.

The operator at Valley Junction had flashed the news along the wire, and when the Overland steamed up to the union depot at Stockton twenty seconds ahead of time a curious and enthusiastic throng of lay-over passengers and railroad men pressed around the engine. When Sylvia appeared in the gangway, her glorious sun-kissed hair glittering with melted snow and her pale face streaked with soot, the generous crowd burst into yells of applause. The husky old veteran runner who was to take the girl's place stepped forward and lifted Sylvia down. For a moment she reeled. Then she saw pushing unceremoniously through the throng the general superintendent and—she started and looked again—her father.

When President Staniford, struggling to control his emotion, clasped his daughter to his bosom, her overstrained nerves gave way, and, laying her head wearily upon his shoulder and with her hands upon his neck, she began to cry in a choked, pitiful little way. "Oh, papa, call me your dear little red-head once more!" she sobbed.

SOME SHOWS NOT ON *The* PIKE.

BY FRANKLIN FYLES.

St. Louis, August 11.

NOT all the queer shows in the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, nor all the fakirs, are on the Pike. If you go to the obscure places of the many square miles of ground you will find that there are as many amusements down in the gullies and up on the hills as on the brick-paved Midway. Far down in a corner is a section devoted to mining exhibits. It is in a part of what were called Forest Hills, and a better situation couldn't have been selected. If you have ever visited a district of real mines, you will see at once the truthfulness of this imitation and feel the atmosphere. There are gold mines and coal, silver mines and copper, and in each a concession has been given for some kind of a quarter or half-dollar show. Among these is an Arizona camp.

Imagine yourself, if you can, way down in the southwest, hundreds of miles from anywhere that is conventional. Passing over a divide, you look into a valley and see a huddle of rude habitations, which you recognize at once as a mining camp. It is a close counterfeit of reality, and on entering it you find that the customs and manners are reproduced, too. It is surprising what a similarity there is in its ways and those of the levees of any Mississippi town. Nevertheless, there are Spanish aspects that have come into Arizona across the border from Mexico. Broad-brim hats and wide-bottom trousers are on some of the men, and one of the drinking and dancing resorts has a Mexican orchestra of guitars and mandolins.

Characteristically, the first business enterprise started in the Arizona camp at the Fair was a saloon. It has been quickly multiplied. And rivalry has arisen as to what shall be the most crude. Still more roughly realistic is the dance hall and its accompanying features. This is the latest of the Fair's amusement resorts to open, and it is already a favorite place for the "raggers" of St. Louis. The "ragger" is a local type, and he flourishes in the downtown residence district, the people of which are very like those of the corresponding section of any large city. He is to St. Louis what the Bowery boy is to New York. He has transferred his affections from the suburban dancing pavilions to this Arizona gulch, where he finds an isolation from politeness, if not all of the real thing.

To tell it briefly, the Arizona mining camp is principally a big dance hall, with a stage variety show and several bars, all as free from restraint as the good-humored authorities will permit. The writer can't modestly be more explicit. The reader must imagine where the line is drawn between the gay and the outright disgraceful. The stage performers are announced this week as the Sixty Rattler Girls, presumably so named in honor of Rattlesnake Pete, or some other rattling Arizonian. Their entertainment consists of songs and dances, all far behind the present date. Presumably that is because vaudeville novelties get old in the states before they reach the territories.

The rattler girls present about the variety common to the low grade traveling burlesque companies. That is to say, they range from young and comely creatures with no talent to matrons who have ability, but no longer good looks. Between the stage acts there are dances in the auditorium, every one joining in who cares to. In these dances it is hard to tell which among the men are the St. Louis "raggers" and which are Arizona miners. The miners try to outrag the "raggers" and the "raggers" as resolutely try to prove that they're less tenderfooted than the miners. The feminine partners in the dancing are girls from the city, who have come out with the boys for an evening in the gulch, and the rank and file—the Arizona name for them is chair warmers—from the show company, the principals of which are compelled to do double duty behind and before the footlights. The leader of the troupe was once a burlesque actress in first-class theatres, but that was before she became so fat and fifty. She still knows her business. Next to her in professional grade are two Spanish dancers, young, pretty and graceful. Why are they in such company?

Within the Arizona camp is a little railway, which connects with the narrow-gauge line running all the way down through the mining district. An odd thing in the construction of the dance hall is that the tracks are laid between the stage and the orchestra, and passengers are delivered right in the midst of the festivities. This is a curious place altogether. Yet the discerning visitor is convinced that its great prosperity rests on the impression that there is more doing than is really done. It doesn't begin to be as wild, woolly or wicked as many a resort just off the Fair grounds. But it is genuine as far as it goes, and it goes far enough.

The camp outside the dance halls and the saloons is not ready yet. But there are interesting human things in it. Roaming about may be seen Jim Gaines, noted here as the driver of a twenty-mule team on a daily trip about the grounds. When in the real Arizona his team, or one like it, hauls water and food to some borax mines in Death Valley and brings away the product. And you may run across old Billy Gaillard, well known in Arizona as the gold hunter who never found it—whose hard luck began when he went west and hasn't ceased, except that now he gets wages for no work as an exhibit. The camp's incompleteness has a funny look to passengers on the Intramural railway. A painter has undertaken to turn the outside of the irregular fences into a range of mountains, but the structure is nowhere more than fifteen feet high, and even that all too small surface seems to have exhausted all his paint, or his pay, and the landscape is a wildly impressionist picture, or a circus bill board after a rain storm, or anything else that the imagination of the observer may suggest—but not Arizona scenery.

Two wild west shows of the Buffalo Bill kind are on the Pike and a third is just off the Fair grounds. They differ in size, but are alike in their performances by rough-riding cowboys and war dancing Indians. Not a new thing to describe is done in the arenas. Yet in the biggest of these shows a surprising trick, feat, exploit, or whatever it may be called—and harsh words are used sometimes in describing it—is well worth the half-dollar you have paid for admission, always providing you don't let yourself give the extra quarter asked for it. You are met at the head of the aisle by a bowing, smiling usher. The urbanity of a fellow who looks like a candy butcher in a circus perplexes you, and you guess that he mistakes you for some guest of consequence. He asks whether you would like a front seat in his section or further up the incline, or over here on this side, or over yonder on the other side, and when you have made your choice he escorts you to a place, takes a small cushion from the armful that he carries, and puts it on the bare bench where you are going to sit. The bit of portable upholstery is a positive comfort. Probably you say "Thank you" to the attentive chap. He looks "You're quite welcome," or "Don't mention it," or something like that, but he doesn't say so, and in about ten seconds you learn the reason why not. It is not until you have adjusted yourself nicely to the cushion that he speaks again.

"Twenty-five cents," he says, very calmly.

"What for?" you ask.

"Twenty-five cents for the cushion," he responds, with an expression of mild surprise that you have asked such a silly question.

The next thing you say depends upon the kind of man you are, and the circumstances of your particular case. I didn't say anything, but stood up and let him take the cushion away. Then I sat down and enjoyed the various behavior of others.

"Take it away while it's cool," said an old man whose anger was hot.

"On your way with it," said a young man who laughed.

But the matter was not so easily disposed of when a fellow had brought his best girl, and whose pride said pay, while his purse said don't do it. One such victim near me gave up a half-dollar and tried to look cheerful. The girl of a similar couple caught her escort's hand and saved his coin. The rural husband and father of a family of five was so bewildered that he paid without protest and all the rest of the evening his wife scolded him for being a fool. A man in a well dressed party of six, whom I knew to be a wealthy New Yorker, was slow but not hesitant.

"Nice soft things, eh?" he remarked to the usher, who assented with a bland smile; "but we're not soft things," the joker added.

The six men arose as one for the pads to be removed. And so it went on till the audience was all in. By a conservative estimate about one in ten of the two thousand persons had yielded up the cash. There had been no row, even when a burly chap, who looked like a miner, refused to give up either the cushion or the coin. The usher went away and conferred with his fellows, but no bouncers came, and the squatter held his claim unmolested until he was ready to quit. Then he drew a pistol, tossed up the makeshift for a target and shot a hole through it.

Oh, yes; wild things are real once in a while in the wild show business. For example: Col. Zack Mulhall is a notable Texan, owner of a big ranch, on which many a celebrity has been entertained; the agent for live stock transportation on the Frisco railway, with headquarters at St. Louis; a capitalist in Indian and cowboy exhibits, and the feather of Lucille Mulhall, whom Playwright Hoyt saw at her home and made the model for his Bossy Girl in "A Texas Steer." Zack was a partner with Col. Fred Cummins in the Cummins Wild West Indian Congress on the Pike and Lucille was a broncho buster and steer nooser in the entertainment.

Well, of a Saturday night, Zack Mulhall and Fred Reed, the boss hostler of the concern, quarrelled over the question of whether or not Zack's horses were fed better or worse than Cummins' horses. The collision happened at the entrance in the presence of a multitude. Not much was said before Zack pulled a revolver. Some eye witnesses say that Reed did, too, and some say he didn't. There is the same uncertainty as to what was done by John Murray, a cowboy friend of his. Anyway, after more shots were fired than anyone counted, Zack was unhurt, Reed and Murray lay on the ground, and an innocent spectator had a bullet hole in his breast. Of course, there was terrific excitement. Col. Cummins came out, and maybe he meant to fight for his employes. But Zack got the drop on him.

"Throw up your hands!" cried Col. Zack.

"Don't be a fool," said Col. Fred, and kept his hands down.

That advice seemed cooling to Zack. He pocketed his pistol and disappeared into the crowd. He fled away to the Indian reservation, but was found an hour later by the police. Next day he was released under $20,000 bail.

Now, you couldn't guess what has happened to Col. Zack Mulhall, and I'm sure you haven't read it, as nothing about him has been sent out of St. Louis for publication, and even the local press has not treated it as a subject of special interest. I have had to make inquiries on my own account in order to write the story to the end. Zack had the three wounded men taken to his residence in St. Louis, where the best surgeons attended them at his expense, his three daughters—including Lucille—nursed them carefully, and they have recovered from their dangerous wounds. The Missouri grand jury, to whom the case was presented, took a quite Texan view of it. As the men Zack had shot wouldn't give evidence against him, and the affair had been settled amicably between the parties to it, why should the public prosecutors meddle with it? So no indictment was found. The officers of the Fair, however, ruled Zack off the Pike as a showman. Therefore, he took his daughter Lucille and her cowgirl sisters beyond the gates and threw open Mulhall's Wild West. Lucille is the star rough rider of the show. Last Sunday she lassoed and roped a vicious steer in thirty seconds. And it is said that one of the Misses Mulhall is betrothed to Edward Morgan, the non-combatant and worst wounded of her father's victims, whom she nursed back to life from what looked like sure death.

GOOD STORIES WELL TOLD.

A visitor to the St. Louis exposition was congratulating Joseph W. Folk, the district attorney of the city, upon the speed with which he had brought the "boodle aldermen" to trial.

"Speed," said Mr. Folk, smiling, "is an excellent thing, a thing that will achieve wonders. I heard the other day of an Irishman, though, who expected too much of speed.

"This Irishman was a painter. Usually, being paid by the hour, he worked rather slowly, but a friend, one day, found him painting away like a steam engine.

"The friend paused to investigate so strange a matter.

"'What's come over ye, Maguire?' he said. 'It ain't like you to work that fast.'

"'Whist,' said Maguire; 'stand out of the way and don't sthop me. Oi'm shtrivin' to git through before me paint gives out.'"

Governor Chamberlain of Connecticut, at a dinner in Bridgeport to the Philippine commissioners, condemned the practice of extricating one's self from a trouble by casting the trouble upon another's shoulders.

"Don't be like the man with the ram," he said. And then, as no one seemed to understand his allusion, he went on:

"The man I refer to stood in the middle of a lonely road, holding by its massive crooked horns a huge ram.

"'Will you oblige me,' he said to a passing youth, 'by holding this ram till I open the gate behind me? It is fastened on the inside, and I find I must climb over it.'

"'Sartin, stranger,' said the youth, and he took a firm grip on the ram's enormous horns.

"The man backed off, smiling strangely.

"'Thank you,' he said. 'You will perhaps be surprised to hear that I never saw that ram till today. The brute attacked me an hour ago, and we have been struggling here ever since. As long as you stand in front of him, holding his horns firmly, he can't hurt you. Good-bye. I hope you'll be as lucky as I have been in getting rid of him.'

"Then the man vaulted the fence and disappeared. The youth, clutching the ram's horns desperately, looked up and down the road. He had never seen a spot so desolate and lonely."

"In Moscow," said Nathan Haskell Dole, the translator of Tolstoi, "I saw a little child crying miserably one afternoon. He walked slowly down one of the principal streets, and his howls and gestures of despair soon brought a big crowd around him.

"'What is the matter, my child? What troubles you?' everyone said.

"The boy paused finally. He looked at the multitude which he had assembled. Then, lifting up his voice, he shouted in a shrill treble:

"'I am lost. Will somebody please take me home to Ivan Troubetosky, the champion clothier of the South End, who has just gotten in his new stock of spring overcoats, suits neckties, shirts, hats and umbrellas, which he will sell cheaper than anyone else in the city?'"

Two artists were regarding, in a Fifth Avenue gallery, a print of Millais' "Chill October." One of them said:

"Sir John Millais once showed me the original of 'Chill October,' and at the same time he told me a story about it.

"He said that as he sat painting one grey afternoon among the reeds and rushes of the Tay, a voice from behind a hedge asked:

"'Main, did ye never try photography?'

"'No, never,' said Sir John, and he continued to paint slowly.

"'It's a hantle quicker,' said the voice.

"'Yes, I suppose so,' the painter agreed.

"Then the voice said, bitingly:

"'An' it's mair like the place.'"

The Rev. A. B. Simpson, president of the Christian and Missionary alliance, recently entertained a missionary from Burmah.

"I addressed a boys' school last month," the missionary said. "I told the boys everything interesting and uplifting that I could think of about the Burmese. They were appreciate and attentive.

"'Perhaps,' I said at the end, 'there are some things I have not made clear. Are there any questions you would like to ask?'

"No one interrogated me then, but after the meeting was over an intelligent looking boy approached timidly as I was leaving the platform.

"'I—I would like—' he began, and then hesitated.

"'Go on, my lad,' said I. 'There is some question you would like to ask, I suppose?'

"'Yes, sir,' said the boy. 'I want to know if you have any foreign stamps that you could give a fellow.'"

Philip Verrill Mighels, though he keeps Indians out of his books for the most part, knows many interesting things about them. "Bruvver Tim's Baby" opens, it is true, with an Indian rabbit drive, but this incident serves only to introduce the baby, "Skeezicks," to the reader, after which he sees no more of the Indians. Mr. Mighels' reminiscences of Indians are always of interest, however, and among them he remembers an old Indian fish peddler known as Injun Jim, who used to sell fish from house to house in Carson City. This was the invariable dialogue that took place at every housewife's door:

"Good morning, Injun Jim. How much your fish?"

"Small pish two bits; big pish, four bits; damn big pish, one dollar."

Everybody knew Injun Jim's prices, but it is suspected that they enjoyed hearing his version of them.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman was advocating her co-operative housekeeping plan, whereby the cooking and laundering of squads of 100 or more families is to be done simultaneously, in big housekeeping stations, centrally located, at a low cost.

She paused for a moment in her remarks to advocate marriage and condemn celibacy with a striking figure.

"Who ever saw," she said, "an old bachelor robin, or a young female bluebird who was determined to die an old maid?"

The late Colonel J. H. Brigham, assistant secretary of agriculture, was noted for his frank and honorable ways.

"Colonel Brigham," said a member of the agricultural bureau, "despised sneaks, and would have none of them.

"He was a farmer in Ohio after the Civil war, and sneak among his hands learned to his cost one day that mean and underhand methods would not go with the colonel.

"This chap sought out his employer in private.

"'Colonel Brigham,' he said, 'you are workin' five men on this yere farm o' yourn'.'

"'Well?'

"'Well, sir, there's consider'ble loafin' goin' on when your back's turned. I want to say to you that four men could do your work here just as well as five.'

"'Is that so?' said Colonel Brigham.

"'It certainly is, sir.'

"'Then,' said the colonel, 'I shall not want you after today.'"